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Published By The
Class of 1909

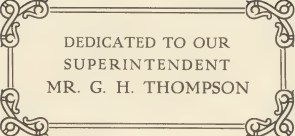
**HOBART TOWNSHIP
HIGH SCHOOL**

Hobart, Indiana

VOLUME II



HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL.



DEDICATED TO OUR
SUPERINTENDENT
MR. G. H. THOMPSON



OFFICERS AND FACULTY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Lewis E. Barnes, Township Trustee | 2. G. H. Thompson, Superintendent, English |
| 3. Chas. H. Barts, Principal H. S., Science and History | 4. Miss Helen M. Quinnell, Mathematics and Botany |
| 5. Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth, Supervisor of Music | 6. Walter A. Zaugg, Latin and German |

Was im Menschen nicht ist, kommt auch nicht
aus ihm

Class of 1909



Class Colors

BLACK AND GOLD



Class Motto

CARPE DIEM



Class Flower

PANSY



Class Officers

FRED FRANK, President
DEERING MELIN, Secretary
LIZZIE KLAUSEN, Treasurer



*Wales Station
now East Bay*

GRADUATES

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. FRED W. FRANK | 2. LILLIE ROSE | 3. DEERING A. MELIN | 4. E. MARGARET BULLOCK |
| 5. HENRIETTA J. HARMS | 6. HELEN MACKAY | 7. LENNA L. PEDDICORD | 8. LIZZIE KLAUSEN |
| 9. THERESA G. BUTTS | 10. GLADYS P. EAST | 11. EMILY E. BRACKEN | 12. HATTIE C. PAFKA |

HOROSCOPES of 1909.

HATTIE, JAN. 1,—A girl of character, she likes to be leader,
We can't do without her, we surely need her.

FRED, JAN. 14,—A lad who shrewd and scientific is,
Was never known to fail at quiz.

LILLIE, JAN. 25,—Easy going, but steady and true,
Rather inclined sometimes to feel blue.

LIZZIE, FEB. 2,—A "Critic" is what we find for you,
But, once a friend, you're always true.

GLADYS, MAY 23,—Always ready her help to lend,
A willing, kind and gentle friend.

ETTA, JUNE 24,—Kind, gentle, a great reader,
She was born to be a leader.

MMARGARET, AUG. 16,—A social success is "Teddy" dear,
She'll be a belle, never fear.

DEERING, SEPT. 10,—A man of great ability he
Will prove, in the near future, to be.

EMILY, SEPT. 10,—A girl who loves industry,
An intuitive, psychic maid is she.

HELEN, SEPT. 17,—She is reserved and hard to get at,
But always ready to put on her hat.

LENNA, DEC. 12,—Fond of pleasure and lots of fun,
Ready for play when her work is done.

THERESA, DEC. 15,—Shrewd and determined, you study much;
You lay great stress on appearance and such

Commencement Exercises

Coronation March from "Le Prophete"	G. Meyerbeer
FLORENCE BANKS, '08	
Invocation	REV. E. M. KUONEN
Trio—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"	Remington
"All Through the Night" (Old Welsh)	David Owen
MILDRED NEEF, '10; ISA BULLOCK, '11; ELMAIDA JOHNSTON, '11	
Salutatory	EMILY E. BRACKEN
Violin Solo— a. Serenade	Schubert—Remenyi
b. Hungurian Dance	Wm. Haesche
EVA ODELL, '07	
Address	"The Nature and Value of School Education"
DR. WM. W. BLACK, Indiana University	
Vocal Duet—"I Waited for the Lord"	Mendelssohn
OLGA NEEF, '06, GERTRUDE SWEETING, '08	
Valedictory	HELEN MACKEY
Presentation of Diplomas	
Commencement Song	CLASS OF '09
Benediction	

"Queen Esther"

CLASS PLAY BY '09 GRADUATES HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH
SCHOOL IN STRATAN'S OPERA HOUSE,
HOBART, IND., MAY 21

Cast of Characters

King Ahasuerus	Fred Frank
Queen Esther	Lillie Rose
Mordecai, Esther's Uncle	Deering Melin
Haman, Favorite of Ahasuerus	Theresa Butts
Zeresh, Haman's Wife	Margaret Bullock
Leah, Friend of Esther	Lenna Peddicord
Salome } Jewish attendants	} Gladys East
Sara } on the Queen	} Henrietta Harms
Harbona, Chamberlain of the Palace	Hattie Papka
Athach, King's Scribe	Lizzie Klausen

Special Music used in "Queen Esther" from "The Holy City," by A. R. GAUL.
"For thee, O dear, dear Country," "No Shadows Yonder," "The Fining Pot is for Silver," "Thine is the Kingdom."

HELEN MACKEY, Accompanist

A U R O R A

THE STAFF

LILLIE ROSE	Editor in Chief
MARGARET BULLOCK	Assistant Editor
LENA PEDDICORD	Literary Editor
THERESA BUTTS	Music Editor
DEERING MELIN	Athletic Editor
EMILY BRACKEN	Social Editor
HELEN MACKAY	Art Editor
FRED FRANK	Science Editor
LIZZIE KLAUSEN	Personals Editors
HENRIETTA HARMS	
HATTIE PAPKA	

SALUTATORY.

EMILY E. BRACKEN.



THE class of nineteen hundred nine extend to you, parents, friends and Alumni, a most hearty greeting. The hour has come which brings to a close four years of toil and pleasure. Perseverance, courage and hopefulness have carried us to this point. Are we to go further, or are we to retreat? In the name of the class of nineteen hundred nine we are going further and further. We are resolved that to a small circle, at least, it shall be evident that we have not lived in vain. Before us appears a dim outline of that great field which lies ready awaiting our efforts.

As we step from this threshold of high ideals, on every side grave duties confront us. It is now as four years ago when we entered the high school as Freshmen. We thought it so hard at first, especially when we gazed at those high-minded Juniors and Seniors. But now we have passed all that; we are ready to enter a greater and more difficult school, as Freshmen. Our credits in high school required work and plenty of it; more work physically and mentally is now required and our credits will be recorded on more substantial substance than paper.

We have done the best we could, we will do the best we can in the years that come. In a few years we shall pass the old school building, and think of the good times we had when we were young. We shall enter the same old doors, go into the Freshman room and as we look around, a small, weazened, gray-haired mouse scampers across the room. This seems like home, for when we entered as Freshmen, that same little fellow made his daily trips to the

waste basket. Then, behind those desks, the teachers' dear faces appear. When we look through the halls we see the figure of our good friend, the janitor.

But this is the present, not the future. An even dozen is what we are. Two boys—noble, energetic boys! We are proud of the boys who have clung to this class to the last. One more hour, such a short time, then we shall be ex-Seniors. A feeling of sorrow clings to us, although we are happy. We dread the thoughts that we shall never again have the privilege to enter and leave morning and evening as pupils, and we would gladly remain longer.

Pope says, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate, all but the page prescribed our present state." Crooked roads, broken bridges, and death dealing storms may hinder us, but we are equipped with strong armor. Not iron, not steel, not gold, but that invincible metal—education! Our shields may be plain, but we go forth with a pure heart, ambition and courage.

Yesterday we were nearing the bridge which lies between our school enjoyments and the earnest struggle of life. To-day we stand on that bridge. To-morrow we shall have crossed and stand bewildered in a great wide world. May we be not slow to discover the mission for which our education has prepared us.



THE LURE OF THE CITY.

FRED W. FRANK.



CAREFUL study of the pages of history and the lives of men who have left their mark in the progress of civilization reveals to us many interesting things. One of the facts which forces itself upon our attention is that through all ages, in all nations and races, the same desires have filled the hearts of men and directed the course of their actions. These aspirations varied a little in the direction they took according to the circumstances from which they arose, but in general they were the desires for wealth and conquest.

The desire for wealth may have been simply the selfish wishes of a man for himself; it may have been the wishes of a ruler for the advancement of his nation; or in a still broader sense, it may have been the longing for the uplifting and enriching of humanity. The desire for conquest has taken a similar course. It may have been the struggle of a savage in the dawn of history for supremacy over his fellows; it may have been the struggle of a nation to protect herself and extend her dominion; and it may have been the efforts of far-sighted men to control all the forces of the universe for the benefit of man.

If we but glance at the present and analyze the problems which are facing us, we find the same motives continue to control mankind. The poor boy begins as a laborer fighting for his daily bread. When his daily bread comes to him readily he still struggles through force of habit, until he is an independent business man. But there is still a step higher to which his ambition carries him and before we realize it, he is at the head of an organized trust which is quietly taking the earnings of other struggling men to swell coffers already full.

This in a measure is the way business men treat the farmer. Existence is dependent on several things, the most important of which are food and clothing. The farmer raises the grain and meat necessary for the nation's sustenance; he raises the flax, wool, and cotton to clothe the nation. Merchants and manufacturers buy the raw materials at their own price, turn them into finished products and fix the price at which they are to be sold to the consumer. Is it a wonder that the farmer longs to break the bonds which hold him?

A deeper study of the relations existing between manufacturer and producer reveals the fact that the manufacturer cares only for the pro-

duce in a business way, that he cares only in so much as it may affect his own welfare. He cares not what the producer receives for his labor. He cares not if the farmer is educated or knows how to utilize barren land. He cares not whether the laborer has any recreation. He cares not that the laborer is doomed to unending toil. Indeed, he cares little if the farmer has any common advantages, conveniences or comforts.

What must be the effect of this treatment on the farmer? Is he not human and does he not dislike to be pushed into a corner as much as the merchant and manufacturer? The farmer feels the weight of this burden and resents the attempt to hold him in subjection. He longs to break from the isolation and drudgery that is forced upon him. He sees the glare and lure of the city beyond the barrier and recognizes a possible realization of his hope in the beckoning promise.

And so the longing arises to be a unit of the center of power and wealth, to be where there are chances of advancement. It is a longing which grows and grows until it ends in a rush to the city, regardless of the many pitfalls and snares along the way, heedless of difficulties and the advice of others who have failed.

First, we see him starting out toward the city, the place of his dreams, his heart full of hope, ambition, and plans for success. The country is behind him entirely forsaken. Then, we see him in an attic after a struggle that results in failure. He is a forgotten unit of the throng below and around him. His eyes are turned toward his country home and his former happy life. In the last picture we see him returning along the country road with the city and the spent strength of his life behind him, but his heart is filled with hope—a vision of peace and rest in his childhood home.

The courses others have taken and the results they have achieved ought to be a lesson for those who have this longing. But the wealth and glory which may be gained, overshadow all difficulties and lead people to travel the paths where others have failed. The few who have succeeded and risen to the highest positions attainable attract more attention than the many who have failed, who have found to their sorrow that all which glitters is not gold.

A great lesson may be learned from the gold excitement in 1849. The lure of gold and the hope of getting rich drew men by the thousands from all the stations of life. Farmers, clerks, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, and tradesmen left good positions only to perish in the desert or return empty handed. Gold entranced many and satisfied few. The city attracts many with siren voice only to destroy them, or, what is worse, to condemn them to failure, sin, and degradation.

Those who have succeeded in the quest for gold, just as those who succeeded in the rush to California, have been those who have not tried to reach their goal by a single bound, but those who have utilized every opportunity,

however small, those who have performed every duty, however commonplace it may seem, and have turned each opportunity and each duty into a stepping stone toward success. The farmer works for his own good and at the same time benefits the city and the entire nation. The city also works for its own good, but often the benefits are doubtful.

The farmer benefits himself and all the nation by faithful effort and service in a humble station while reaching for a larger sphere. The city may benefit itself and the entire nation by helping the farmer in this struggle for recognition. The city may help to make use of otherwise wasted resources. Just as the hand must work for the head and the head must work for the hand so must the city and the country work for each other.

Such a union can not but produce strength and happiness and lift the nation to a higher plane—a more advanced stage of civilization. Such a union will embody brotherly love between all classes, the contentions and strifes will cease and the nation will be working for the good of every individual. Then we can say with truth that—

“We love more the summertime’s roses,
The tall, stately timothy’s nod,
Than that thing which the brother of Moses
Cast molten for Israel’s god.”



DICK'S SISTER.

THERESA G. BUTTS.



ELL, I declare, Dick, if you don't look as if you had read your own funeral oration, I give up. Are you sure you are in the land of the living?" And to be positive himself Robert Sawyer threw his Greek note book at his roommate, who muttered something in an undertone, which convinced Rob that his friend was indeed still mortal as well as disgustingly irritable.

"Ah, ha! so she sent you the mitten, did she?" continued Rob, as he went about the room putting things in order and picking up a dainty worn glove, which evidently had fallen from the letter which Dick was reading. "Poor fellow! Never mind old boy, I met Felton's two sisters,—they're splendid girls,—put Clarice way in the shade!"

"Robert Sawyer, quit your crazy talk and listen to this letter from home. Yes, I know you thought it was from Miss Heywood, but it don't happen to be so. Now, I want you to listen until I finish and then tell me whether you are sorry for me or not."

"All right, proceed, I won't disturb you in the least, but if it's from the 'girl you left behind,' I'll have to send my sympathies to her, because she needs them more than you do, for she don't know what she is doing when she turns you down!"

"Oh, come now, Sawyer! Don't imagine things! Its a letter from mother, listen!"

My dear boy: Now, Richard, we have kept something from you for several months; but seeing you insist on going hunting during the holidays instead of coming home, father and I thought we had best tell you. I scarcely know how to break the news. I'm afraid you will not be pleased, but I know you will not blame us if you know how lonely we have been for someone about the house to cheer us, the same as you did when you were a youngster. Of course, we do not blame you for spending the vacation in the East traveling with the boys, but that does not comfort us these long winter evenings: so we have adopted the dearest little girl. I know you will love her when you see her. She is just eight years old, has the dearest brown eyes and auburn hair. If you knew what a sweet little sister you had you would postpone your hunting trip and come home.

But in case you don't, I wish you would buy her a half dozen gloves the same shade and size as one enclosed, as it is impossible to get them here. Well, if you decide to remain, let us know.

Yours, with love from father, and sister, and mother,

ELIZABETH A. PRESTON.

"Isn't that enough to make a fellow irritable and say things? Imagine mother and father adopting an eight year old girl to comfort them. Why they are nearly sixty years old. I should think a baby would annoy them instead of comfort them. Auburn hair! That means red. I suppose she has freckles, too! Well, its up to me to get the gloves I presume. What do you think of it, old chap?"

"My dear boy, if I were you I would take the next car down town, get those gloves and the biggest doll I could find for your sister and spend the holidays at home. I should think you would want to see your folks once a year at least!"

"But the hunting trip," weakly protested his roommate, "what will the boys say?"

"What do you care what they say? Come let me help you pack. I wish I had a home to go to. I wouldn't care for hunting."

"Well, I surrender. Your word is law, old fellow. Why not come home with me?"

"Only too glad, Dick," and soon they were busy packing and then on their way to the little western village which Dick called home.

They arrived late at night and found Mr. and Mrs. Preston busily trimming a Christmas tree for Eleanor, who was fast asleep upstairs. After greetings were exchanged Dick took a large package addressed to his sister and placed it under the tree.

The boys were up early next morning, but the other members of the household were already stirring, and when the boys came down the staircase they were greeted with a merry peal of laughter. To their surprise they saw a tall slender girl of apparently eighteen years, with large brown eyes, and a wealth of auburn hair, standing holding a large handsomely dressed doll.

When she saw them she ran up to Dick and almost embraced him, while she laughingly said, "It's the prettiest doll I ever had, Brother Richard."

Explanations were forthcoming and Dick drew his mother's letter from his pocket and observed that he had read eight instead of eighteen.

The holidays flew quickly, and when the boys went back each carried a picture of Eleanor, but Dick needed no picture for ever before him was the sweet smiling vision of his little sister.



EMILY E. BRACKEN.



SOCIETY has flourished in the Hobart High School this year and a very pleasant year has been spent together with pupils and teachers.

When the basketball season opened several games were scheduled and played, but only two games made necessary the entertainment of the visitors. East Chicago and Gary were the lucky ones.

On January 15th a game was played with the Gary teams. Accepting the kind invitation of Edna Borger, the teams and teachers were delightfully entertained at her home. Refreshments were served and a pleasant, sociable time was spent by all present.

On the evening of January 22nd, a game was on with East Chicago, but owing to the fierce blizzard which was raging, the game was postponed. Although the storm continued the Hobart teams went to the home of Helen

Mackey and made merry with the entertainment which had been prepared for the visitors. Ask the boys about the refreshments! As the weather cleared another game was booked with East Chicago, which, of course, resulted in another victory for our girls—and that was all! The boys played also. A fine entertainment was prepared for them at the home of Margaret Bullock and, indeed, as usual, an evening of pleasure was enjoyed by both teams.

Although the basketball season was drawing to a close, the society was not, for a few weeks later the Juniors surprised their language teacher, Mr. Zaugg, at the home of Rev. Kuonen, where they spent a very pleasant evening.

After the Oratorical Contest the classes were so overjoyed with the success of their orators that the parties began to come thick and fast! At the home of John Fleek, the Juniors gathered to honor the members of their class who were in the oratorical contest,—George Tabbert being the winner of the gold medal. The same evening the Sophomores gathered at the home of Elmaida Johnston, their contestant, to give to her the due honors she deserved. A few days later the Freshmen woke up. Because Ruth Johnson lives in Miller her classmates entertained her at the home of Miss Quinell.

The Seniors were greatly pleased with the results of their contestant, but, it being so near graduation, Fred Frank's deserved honors were bestowed upon him in the daytime.

On April 12th Miss Edna Borger entertained her German class at a Dutch luncheon. The class all felt very grateful to have enjoyed such a suggestive meeting of the German pupils.

On May 14th came the Juniors reception of the Seniors. This year the event was celebrated at the home of Miss Ellwyn Roper. The house was beautifully decorated with the Senior class colors. Much time had been spent and great care taken to prepare such an elegant entertainment and the Seniors certainly have something to remember to the credit of '10.



FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF THE SENIORS.

Deering—Coming, Auntie!
 Theresa—I've such a headache today!
 Etta—I should say!
 Helen—Huh?
 Margaret—Listen!
 Lenna—What did you say?
 Lizzie—Sure!
 Hattie—Well, that's right.
 Fred—That's what I thought.
 Lillie—Tell me something.
 Emily—Have you read your Civics?
 Gladys—Oh! Mamma!

IMPORTANT DATES IN THE YEAR.

Sept. 7—School opened.
 Sept. 29—Margaret handed Pete a lemon.
 Oct. 1—Several went to the five-cent show.
 Oct. 7—Two Seniors met "Andy."
 Oct. 10—Bill had an accident.
 Oct. 18—Juniors and Seniors differ in opinion.
 Oct. 25—March music disappears.
 Oct. 26—It must be some place.
 Oct. 30—Cold weather caused spats to be the fashion.
 Nov. 2—Chieky got a hair-cut.
 Nov. 6—Earle has a new name (Minnie).
 Dec. 4—"Cattle smiled" in Virgil.
 Dec. 11—"The Deacon's Tribulations."
 Jan. 25—Two Juniors start on a trip around the world.
 Jan. 26—The Juniors return.
 Feb. 15—A smile that won't come off. A Senior girl received a valentine.
 Feb. 22—No school. Oh, joy!

- Feb. 23—One of the faculty had a birthday.
March 3—Alarm clocks kept busy.
March 5—Are Angels men or women?
March 13—Water color girls paint tulips.
March 17—Freshman wore true colors.
March 18—Lil taught school.
March 19—Senior found a valuable shell?
March 23—Earle visited H. T. H. S.
March 26—Local contest.
March 27—Juniors' and Sophomores' parties.
April 4—Freshmen party.
April 5—Fire drill!
April 15—Tillie broke Arthur's glasses.
April 23—Hammond contest.
April 23—Sophies have class meeting in Manual Training room.
May 5—Hattie works very diligently at her bookkeeping.
May 14—Junior reception to Seniors.
May 21—Senior class play, "Queen Esther."
May 28—Commencement and Alumni Banquet.



OUR NATURAL RESOURCES.

GEORGE E. TABBERT.



THE forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God, for they were the best he ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, more beautiful than all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. Bright seas made its border, and lakes and rivers gleamed in the broad basins and glistened in the fruitful valleys. Far below the surface lay the coal and minerals hidden and treasured by the ages. From the mountains of wealth came rushing rivers and mighty waterfalls abundantly charged with strength to move all the wheels of industry. This store-house, this garden formed our great American heritage—a heritage not to be excelled in all the world.

Such was this country some three centuries ago when our liberty-loving, intelligent, and ambitious fathers landed on this continent. With these resonances is there any wonder that the United States ranks first among the civilized nations? But, sad to relate, this garden, this granary, this treasure-house has been dissipated far beyond the realization of the American people.

A few years ago representatives were sent here by foreign governments to study our methods. They were sent because European nations could not understand our marvelous powers of production, our rapid recuperation after panics and crises. These men were convinced that in all the world the land that was best adapted for the development and preservation of a happy people was the United States of America. They were so convinced that now the United States is universally known as the "Land of Unlimited Opportunity."

This world to-day is a world of wants. We are prone to forget that man is a land animal, that his sustenance comes from the earth. We are prone to forget that future generations must be sheltered, clothed, and fed. And more than all our forgetting, we have yet to learn that the earth's resources are limited. We, as a nation, have been prodigal of our wealth. We have been reckless in our wastefulness. Look at the wanton destruction that has been going on for the past hundred years. Our buffaloes have been slaughtered to practical extermination. Natural gas and oil have been treated as though they were abundant as sea water. Coal, that master agent of power and progress, has been lavishly dissipated. The greater part of its strength has merely served to spread darkness above and unsightly rubbish below. Through the agency of coal England has surpassed all other nations of Europe, and

through the agency of coal the United States has surpassed England. But, lacking coal, Italy stands still and has stood still for over three centuries. What is true of our coal is also true of our ores. We leave about one-half in the mines in such condition that its future mining is impracticable. It is hard to believe that so intelligent a people as we are thought and said to be can tolerate this heedless waste.

In the settlement of this country men wanted bread more than timber or beauty and, in the blindness of hunger, the pioneers regarded God's trees as only a larger kind of pernicious weed, extremely hard to remove. Accordingly, with no eye to the future, these pious destroyers waged war. Chips flew and trees in their beauty fell crashing to the ground. But the making of fields would not have brought about the present conditions. We owe the approaching timber famine to the criminal lumbermen. No such destroyers ever before walked the face of the earth. They have robbed, killed, and laid waste the land. They have spread death and confusion in the fairest groves and gardens ever planted, in the American forests, the glory of the world!

What does the earth most want? Power. The forests are mighty factors in the world's supply of power. Coal is only stored sunlight and it came to us by way of the forests. The ferns and other vegetation of prehistoric ages burn upon our hearths to-day. The waters that once were held back by the forests now are permitted to rush to the valleys without restriction. The rich soil that once lay about the tree-roots is now in the bed of the ocean. Not only are the material agents of warmth and light passing beyond our reach, but the very land, yea, the very soil that furnishes us food is slipping into the sea. When this work is finished we become aware that we have undone the work of countless centuries, that the garden God gave us has become a fruitless, profitless ruin.

The age of steam is passing and the age of electricity appears. But the question that must be solved is the source of power. Our country has the best system of rivers in the world. If we but bring the yearly floods under control we have power and to spare. Mills and factories, railways and lighting systems may be supplied with electric power generated by distant rivers. Corporations are now seeking locations and franchises for this purpose. Give us electricity and we have motion, heat, and light. But to acquire this energy we must preserve and control our rivers; and, if we would keep our rivers and waterfalls, we must see that large areas of land are covered with forests.

Europe and Asia can teach the United States a lesson on the care and management of forests. We have behaved as a rich and foolish spendthrift who has inherited an estate in perfect order and through neglect permits it to be plundered. Historically, the situation resembles the closing years of the old regime in France. In each case we have a nation eager for action but

uninformed and undirected, and in each case the representatives of a purblind ruling class, incapable, apathetic, and "standing-pat"—a spectacle to God and man.

Rome was not built in a day. Our national garden can not be replanted in a century. It is plain that some measures of reform must be taken if "Folly and Failure" be not written on the pages of our history. The people, heirs of the vineyard, must awake! If only the people could be impressed with the situation! But what shall be done? What can be done? Plant trees. Plant a tree somewhere for every one that is removed. Plant new forests. Talk of the value of forests. Publish articles on forestry in our papers and magazines. Call conventions. Write letters to legislators. Lawmakers will lay aside tariffs, canals, and foreign possessions to protect our land. If ten thinking men and women in each state would do these things the change would be sudden and sure. When the individual citizen becomes interested, the community will follow. When a state awakens to the necessity of planting trees and protecting great tracts of timber land the voice of reform will be heard in the councils of the nation.

Then shall the people in after-times look not upon barren wastes and arid plains, not upon broken bad-lands exposed and torn by rushing waters; but rather shall they behold fertile fields and stately groves, level meadows and gentle brooks. Then shall the people that inherit the land go forth not despondent and to profitless toil amid dreary surroundings; but rather shall they put forth a steady hand to reap the fruits of intelligent labor and enjoy the riches provided by forces that obey the commands of men.



CLASS POEM.

Carpe Diem.

THERESA G. BUTTS.



RE you, my listening friend, prepared with me to roam?
 Approach the goddess' shrine and humble homage pay
 To her, whom "Opportunity" we name; whose home
 Is blessed with richest gifts for all who to her pray.

She calls with beckoning hand and no uncertain voice—
 To honor, fame and fortune, her worshippers sincere,
 Self-reliance, courage and fidelity,—her choice
 Of all the noble qualities that gain her ear.

Unlike the angel's visits, few and far between,
 She ever willing is to aid us in our cause,
 Wherever honest effort, to gain the prize, is seen,
 Of wealth, power, pleasure and the world's applause.

Though hidden rocks and thorns on that upward march abound,
 Rebuff and failure shall be treated as a dream,
 We shall plant our noble banner firm in solid ground
 With the imperishable inscription, "Carpe Diem."





ATHLETICS.

DEERING MELIN.



MORE interest is taken in athletics each year and a marked change is also taking place. The derivation of the term "athlete" does not exactly indicate its present meaning, inasmuch as our modern athletes are distinctly defined to be amateurs instead of professionals. The field of athletic sports is growing broader and broader with the organization of clubs and associations for that purpose. Associations are organized over the country with a constitution and rules, which the schools, colleges and clubs have to obey.

The sports in which the most interest is taken in schools and colleges are football, basketball and track athletics. In the Hobart High School, basketball and track athletics seems to be the choice. A great deal of interest is taken in the local High School towards athletics. Not only does it develop muscle and form strong physique, but it also helps mentally to get inspirations for

higher things. Taking all these things in mind and in order to keep in line with other schools the faculty of the Hobart High School have encouraged the pupils in every way possible.

In basketball there was a boys' team and a girls' team. Out of eleven games played this season, the boys won two. In the games lost some of the scores against them were quite large. Taking the team as a whole the average weight was much lighter than that of the teams they played. Although there were not any stars in the team all of the boys played good ball. About the middle of the season a nearly different team had to be organized, one quitting school and a few not being in shape to play, but the season was finished with better playing than before. Although they were not successful in many games, they had something to do during the winter. If all of the boys remain in school next year, they ought to have a pretty good team, as there is plenty of good material.

But the girls made up for the defeats of the boys by winning every game they played. They played six games and hold the championship of Lake County.

The teams played by Hobart are as follows:

Boys—Wheeler, 2; Valparaiso, 2; Gary, 2; Crown Point, 2; East Chicago, 2; Hammond, 1.

Girls—Crown Point, 2; Gary, 2; East Chicago, 2.

The track team is not very strong this year, as material is wanting in many events. We are about sure of first place in the sprints, for in Wallace Watson we have the best sprinter in the county. Last year, in the 100 yard dash, he was robbed out of first place, but he made up for it in the 220 yard dash, winning by a large margin. A great loss was felt by all the members of the team when Earle Kohler, the long distance runner, quit school. He expected to take first place in both of those events and that would have been a great help to the team here. However, we still have some good men in those events. In the weights we have one or two good men, who ought to get a place at the meet. A few dual meets were scheduled, one with Crown Point May 1st, but on account of bad weather it had to be postponed. On May 8th we scheduled a triangular meet between East Chicago, Whiting and Hobart, at East Chicago. Of course, the Hobart boys were pretty sure of winning the meet, but East Chicago was just as confident. The weather was nice during the early part of the afternoon, but the latter part of the meet was run off in a drizzling rain which made it very hard for the boys. The track was another handicap for the Hobart team. Nevertheless, Hobart won the meet. The number of points won by each school was as follows: Hobart, 57½; East Chicago, 34½; Whiting, 16. Of Hobart's 57½ points, Watson won 25, capturing first place in five events. On account of their showing at East Chicago the boys feel cheerful as to the outcome of the county meet.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

RUTH JOHNSON.



HERE are few things in life which hold such a charm, such a fascination for us, as does the mysterious study of greatness. The world never wearies of digging in that mysterious soil in which is hidden the wonderful secret. Every great person is a mystery, but it is doubtful if History has produced a more mysterious personality than that which was incarnate in that inexplicable child of nature, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

More than four centuries ago, in a peasant cottage of Domremy, the wail of a helpless infant floated on the air. Eighteen years passed by—years of toil to that lonely girl on the edge of that old French forest. It is fourteen hundred twenty-nine. France is engaged in a terrible war with England with, seemingly, no chance for her to win. Her merown king, Charles VII, is idle at his court. The nobility, torn into many factions, yield him no support. France is in sore extremity. Her prinicipal cities are besieged and in many of them already is heard the wail of famine, the eries of hungry children. If the king can not save his country, who, then, can save it?

And it came to pass that, as in a sunny meadow near Domremy, this peasant maid watched her floeks, saints came to her in vision. They commanded her to go to Orleans, the great French stronghold, whose surrender to the English seemed inevitable, and relieve it, to drive the oppressors from France, to deliver her king and country from the terrible war then raging. But what could she do, poor, superstitious maid? She knew nothing of war; she had no friends, no influence. To the eye of worldly wisdom her resolution was perfectly absurd. But she did not hesitate. Decision of mind, like vigor of body is a gift of God. It can not be created by human effort, but it can be cultivated and everyone of us has the germ of this quality. The shores of fortune are covered with the wrecks of men and women of brilliant genius, but lacking in decision, courage, and faith. There is no calling, no walk of life in which these attributes are not vitally important to him who would conquer.

She needed no urging. Her heart was with her country. Its destiny and future were hers. In a short time she was on her way to the nearest camp to get help. But they refused to listen to her. She traversed one hundred fifty miles of territory infested by the enemy to plead her cause with the governor. He, too, refused to listen, refused to give her any help, and she was compelled to return to her humble home, but with resolution

unabated. The lives of the truly great ever have been marked by a marvelous capacity for hopefulness in the face of discouraging circumstances. How have they attained the honored position they hold? Not by rank, for many were of lowly birth. Not by wealth, for the inheritance of not a few has been poverty. But the battle was won by having one dominant aim in life, unceasing energy, and patient perseverance.

The days went by. At last she could no longer resist the call of her country and again sought the governor. There seemed to be something so honest, so strange, so persistent about her that he sent her to the Dauphin, the uncrowned king. He, too, was cautious; but as Orleans was at the point of surrender and things were coming to a desperate pass, he allowed her to have her way. And so, on an old white charger, bearing the banner of France, at the head of a strange, enthusiastic, and formidable army was Joan, ready to win or die. Through the walled towns and encampments, gathering up whoever would follow her, she passed until she arrived at Orleans.

The battle is over! The first victory won! The passion of liberty thrills her! A vision of France once more free! Ah, and peace! Peace! So, against the other fortifications of the English, she carried on her holy war. The voices, the same voices that inspired her at first, ever led her and faithfully, faithfully did she follow them. From battle to victory, through war to peace, they were ever before her. And above the hissing of the shot, roaring of the cannon, the groaning of the dying is heard the voice of Joan cheering her men on to victory. Cheering, encouraging, stimulating the soldiers to daring deeds, making them eager to fight! Eager to die! For France! for Freedom! Town after town is theirs once more. In vain the English attempt to mend their broken ranks. Slowly, but surely, they retreat and leave France victorious. Her country, her France at last is saved!

The king wished to heap great rewards and royal honors upon her. But no! Her only desire was to see him crowned king at Rheims. So, urged on by her, in spite of incredible difficulties, with great reluctance he entered the recaptured city and was crowned by the archbishop in the cathedral there. Her mission was accomplished. Her promise was fulfilled. She had given a king to France and France to its king. Not by might, not by power, but by undaunted courage and perseverance had she done it. She asked no other reward for her magnificent service than to be allowed to go back to her father and her humble home. Marvelous indeed was it all. Can ever such unselfishness, such heroism, such patriotism be forgotten? The title of great has been given to Napoleon, but he was instilled with a greed for conquest; the title of great has been given to Wellington, but he had the best marshalled, the best equipped army that ever appeared on the battlefield. But the Maid of Orleans?

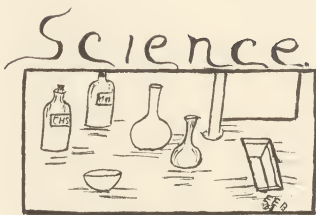
Ah, the world can not explain the mysterious resource that marked the checkered career of this strange product of the forest! The secret is still hidden. Reared among the most primitive influences, struggling from infancy in obscurity and poverty, yet compelling the wondering admiration of the great English generals; untrained in diplomaey, yet the savior of one of the world's greatest nations. From such depths derived, to such heights ascended, her flight mocks the eye of reason. A peasant girl of eighteen thrust to the nation's helm amid such a conflict as seldom ever smote a people. The simple girl of the country was called, as in a single night, to responsibility as great as was ever laid on human shoulders.

Ah, faithful Joan! Little did she know what sacrifice, greater by far than any she had yet made, was to follow. Though she gained many friends, the number of her enemies was even greater. Her life was ever in peril. The king forced her to stay in his court, but the nobles, mad with jealousy, could not stand this. A peasant maid to associate with them, the proud aristocrats, was too much! One day a brave nobleman betrayed her to the English! She was accused of witchcraft, of being a heretic. She was caged like a bird. She was chained like some ferocious monster. But where was the king now, and all those for whom she had done so much? From the moment of her capture neither the king nor any man in all his court raised a finger to save her. All alone she was, without a friend to defend her. Thus the world rewards those who serve it.

After many trials she was pronounced guilty and sentenced to death. And there in the shadow of the old cathedral she was bound to the stake and burned. It seems like a hideous dream more than a reality. She had given up her youth, home, and freedom to save her country. Now she gave her life. Greater love than this hath no man shown. This for her country! And for herself? For herself a name honored on every shore, a memory forever cherished by her countrymen; and, among the children of God, a martyr's crown.

It is many years since death came to Joan of Arc, stilling that beautiful human heart that beat so loyally for the cause of her country. In the place where she burned a large stone cross has been raised, but no monument nor page of history can add to her fame and glory. The French nation has given her immortality. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

What approaches nearest to the explanation of it all is, when stated, "It is but a mystery." Joan of Arc was a separate gift from the Hand of Him who maketh one star differ from another in glory. Raised up as surely as ever was Moses of old for the performance of a stupendous task, called from the obscurity of her simple home to the great theatre that awaited her, she was equipped by that Almighty Hand according to her need, endowed by her infinite Love and Wisdom for her mighty mission.



FRED W. FRANK.



AS WE began our High School career, we looked forward with various emotions to the lessons and studies with which we were to labor and worry during the year and indeed during all the four years in which we were to attend High School. In much the same manner we now view future labors since another epoch in our lives appears.

Some of us looked with awe upon the subjects we were starting and handled our books as though they were hallowed objects; some of us tried to have a good time and put on airs, because we were High School students, but the most of us took things in a matter-of-fact way and settled down to hard work that brought us the best of grades.

So when we took up Botany it was with different feelings that each of us did our duty. We were worried at first by the alarming tales of mighty ones who had already passed through the mill of science which has turned them into Edisons, Marconis, Galileos or Burroughses. But as we progressed, these tales lost their proportions and gave place to stories of our own struggles which we have treasured up for those who are to follow in our footsteps.

So our first year of science passed on without events other than the receiving of grades and writing articles for the school notes. Now the only reminder of our year's toil are a few note books and mounted specimens which

persist in showing themselves, and occasional memories, of hunting for specimens and eating all edible ones and some not quite edible, after they had done their duty as specimens.

Then two years followed in which other things claimed our attention and science was laid aside. But they were fruitful years, for besides learning the lessons we applied ourselves to, we were strengthening our minds for something more serious and building a firm foundation for another year of science. During these two years we no longer listened with awe to the reports of Chemistry and Physics, for we had learned through experience that we were just as good in other things as they were themselves and so we knew that we could hold our own in anything new we attempted.

But we did not set our hopes too high nor did we expect Chemistry and Physics to be easy. We began them anticipating a year of delightful and helpful study of the laws of nature and the works of God and our hopes were not disappointed for our work has proved to be all we expected.

We began Chemistry in high hopes, but the wind soon blew our ship aground on the shoal of molecular theories, but we were able to right ourselves and the pleasant experiments, with separate elements which followed, more than made up for all former disappointments. We began with oxygen and passed through the hydrogen stage without any explosions or serious mishaps. But our pleasure was soon to be marred again and we were nearly keeled over when we struck the atomic theories with their companion equations. Again we were equal to the occasion and with gigantic efforts we overcame this obstacle and all succeeding ones and the trials have developed several chemists who bid fair to become famous.

Our Physics class has passed through similar experiences. We did not strike hard ground until we became acquainted with Galileo and Newton, before we were through with their laws and theories and the laws of machines, we were ready to wish they had never lived although now as we look back at those days we can see how much they really helped us. Sound, light and heat proved to be interesting and helpful subjects and then the class became deeply interested in electricity and among us are several who promise to rank with Edison.

As the year drew to an end, we felt that we could have been more successful, for there is always room for improvement; that we could have been more patient in preparing trying lessons yet we have a consciousness of duty well performed. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to our kind and sympathetic professor, who has always helped and guided us, who has answered our numerous questions and patiently directed our blundering efforts. To those who expect to study science, we offer words of encouragement and advise you to do your part in everything you attempt.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

ELMAIDA JOHNSTON.



WHAT is worth while in life? Ask a scientist and he will tell you "Truth." Ask a financier and you will be told "Wealth." Ask a woman and, in most cases, the reply will quickly come "Beauty." And she believes what she says. God made man strong, but he made woman beautiful. Man's strength to make him the power upon the throne, but woman's influence to make her the power behind the throne!

There is a popular fallacy that beautiful women do not require intellectuality, that beauty in a woman is sufficient unto itself, and that whenever it is superlative it fills the void which the absence of intellectual attainments would have made more manifest in a plainer woman. Shakespeare says, "Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good." And he is right. Beauty is undoubtedly productive of vanity, and vanity is a flaw in character, which in some degree subverts the possibility of high intellectual attainments.

Beauty always has and always will charm the world to a certain extent, but history does not tell us of a single beauty who won her way and who retained what she won, unless she was endowed with something more than mere beauty of face and form. Wherever physical beauty exists, it is heightened and enhanced if its possessor is also endowed with those greater beauties of mind and soul which set it off and furnish the finishing touches. Just as a painting by some grand old master is rendered tenfold more attractive when surrounded by an appropriate frame and placed where the most favorable light may shine upon it. There are paintings whose meanings lie upon the surface and are exhausted by a single look. There are others which disappoint at first, yet reverently studied gradually glow with beauty and disclose hidden depths of meaning, new marvels of skill, till at last the genius of the artist stands confessed and you gaze transfixed as by a mighty enchanter.

It is not denied to beauty the praise to which it is entitled, but to give it more would neither be just to it nor safe to the world. A woman whose beauty is her only charm is like a bird without song, a flower without perfume: is like a whitened sepulcher, beautiful without, but empty within. Beautiful women have swayed the world many, many times in history, but never by their beauty alone. The swaying has been done by the brain, not the face. But when the brain and the face together possess that extraordinary charm and

strength comprehended by the word "beauty" in its superlative sense, kings have trembled on their thrones, dynasties have tottered, war has been declared, and peace has been accomplished. The world has been made better or worse, according to the wisdom or caprice of the beautiful woman who has had the brain, who has had the dominant will to compel men of genius, statesmen and generals to do her bidding. Dominions, principedoms, thrones, and powers are like as wax in her hands.

Such a woman was Cleopatra, the "Sorceress of the Nile." The attraction of her person, the charm of her conversation was irresistible. Historians, dramatists, novelists, and poets have recited her magnificent charms of person over and over again, but no one has dared to deny her the extraordinary intellectual gifts which history says she possessed. During her career, two of the greatest men the world ever knew bowed before her. She charmed Caesar and Antony by her subtlety and force of character, even more than by her voluptuous and ravishing beauty. Had she not been a brilliantly intellectual woman, the world of to-day would remember her only as an incident in history, and not, as she was, a history maker.

Such a woman was Marie Antoinette, envied for her beauty and pitied for her misfortunes, remarked for her pride upon the throne and admired for her courage in the dungeon. Her beauty was striking. The peasants stood spellbound as she passed. But it was her remarkable endowments of mind that rendered her the power in the kingdom ruled by her weaker husband; that made her more feared by the revolutionists of France than were Louis XVI and all his court.

Such a woman was Josephine, the most graceful and tactful person that ever appeared in the French court. There is no doubt that in addition to the beauty of her person, she possessed superior intelligence, demonstrated by the influence she exerted over her husband, Napoleon. His power waned when he put her aside, not as a retribution on him, but because he had lost the aid afforded him by her wisdom.

The world is full of sentiment. It loves to believe a famous woman beautiful; it loves to believe a persecuted woman beautiful; it delights to imagine that every clever and intelligent woman is beautiful. The heroines of history in nearly every instance have been accorded extreme beauty by their biographers, and in most cases the reports have been true. Beauty of character shines through the face, and often a woman who would be plain without the brain power which God has given her is rendered one of the world's famous beauties by her wit, her accomplishments, or her intelligence.

The acme of beauty and power, of grace and tact, of charm of manner and brilliancy of mind was reached in Madame Recamier. It is doubtful if any other woman has possessed one half of the abundant attractions which were hers. Beloved by all in her youth for her astonishing beauty. Beloved

for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness; for the charm of character that was reflected in her sweet face. Beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with exquisite tact and discrimination of heart. Beloved by old and young, great and small. Beloved always and by all from her cradle to her grave. Such was the lot, such the renown of this most beautiful woman. What other glory can equal this? Madame Recamier lost her bloom as she grew older, but she never lost her winsome smile, her child-like innocence, and her sincere and gracious manner. Vanity created no flaw in her character and her intellectual attainments made her constantly sought after by all the literary lions of the time.

No power or faculty of human nature ever stands alone. Back of the highest form of beauty there must be a reverent spirit, a loving heart, a sound mind. No woman can attain popularity and keep it through the sole agency of a beautiful face. The mother who bequeaths to her daughter this inheritance and fails to endow her with the intellectual graces of mind and heart that should go with it launches her upon a world of sorrow.

Mary Queen of Scots might be placed in this category, for although she possessed great beauty, she had not the superior intelligence possessed by her sister-queen, Elizabeth, and she never succeeded in retaining what she won. Much of her misfortune might be attributed to treachery on the part of others, but she had not the wit to foresee the crisis with which she had to contend. Beauty, unallied to mental and spiritual power, is as a tool beside a workman who knows not how to use it.

Beauty enchants and grace captivates for a season, but a well-informed mind and a cultured heart will make a home beautiful when the bloom of beauty is faded and gone. Not dress, not jewelry, not pleasing manners, not even innocence is the charm and glory of woman. But wisdom learned by experience, knowledge gained by study, and quickness based on native genius lift her to the highest throne. When woman has acquired these great resources, by the soaring of an untrammelled soul, then, not only does she shine and guide and inspire, but becomes a guardian angel, a star of worship in that favored realm which is like the paradise and empire of the world.



Das Kleine Mädchen.



“BITTE Herr,” Werden Sie mir erzählen, wo mein Vater ist?

Der Mann sah gleichartig herab auf den Eigenthümer der gellenden Stimme, die ihm anredet.

“Ich verstehe nicht,” sagte er guetig.

Nun war es ihre Zeit verwirren zu werden. Er konnte ihre Sprache nicht verstehen. Er wusste nicht, was sie haben wollte.

Dann fiel ihm ein glueckliche Gedanke ein.

“Kommen Sie mit mir,” versetzte er und fastete sie bei der Hand; er leitete sie nach einem kleinen Zimmer. Hier redete er einer jungen Dame an, die da sass mit einem Buch in der Hand.

“Was wollen Sie haben, kleines Mädchen?” fragte sie.

Nun, hier war einer, der mit ihr reden konnte und das Herz des kleinen Mädchens sprang mit Freude. Dann begann sie ihr Geschichte.

Ihr Vater war zu Amerika heruebergekommen um eine Heimat fuer ihre Mutter, ihren BruderF ritschen und sie selbst zu machen.

Nach zwei langen Jahren erhalten sie einen Brief, der sagte dass sie kommen sollen.

Sie waren gleich aufgefahren nachdem sie das Geschirr, das sie nicht mit bringen koennen verkaufft hatten.

Hier in neuem Lande war alles wunderbar und nicht ein gemeines Gesicht war da, sie anzutreffen.

Eben das Gesicht ihres Vaters war nicht da. Dieses konnte sie nicht den Grund angeben.

Als sie ihre Geschichte endigete, sagte das Mädchen es ihrem Dienstherr her.

“Nun,” sagte er, “Wir muessen sehen, was wir tun sollen. Erst muessen wir ihre Mutter finden.” Das junge Fraulein sagte dem Mädchen, was er gesagt hatte.

Alle gingen die Strasse nieder nach dem wahrungen Zimmer, wo eine Frau mit einem Knaben sass.

Die junge Frau sprach mit der Mutter, in einem Augenblick, hoerchten sie wieder die Geschichte, die das Mädchen erzählte. Dann bringte sie den Briefe hervor, den ihr Gatten ihnen geschrieben hatte.

Das Madchen sah die Adresse an und erzählte sie zu dem Manne, der sie auf einen Karte schrieb und dan ging dem Zimmer hinaus.

Die junge Frau redete mit der Familie, bot solche Bequemlichkeit als sie konnte bis der Mann wieder kam.

“Ich habe nach dem Hause telephonieret, wo er wohnt und die Wirtin sagte, dass er sehr krank wäre.

Um dieses willen war er nicht hier Sie zu treffen.

Wir werden die Familie, auf einen Karren setzen und sie nach der Stelle schicken.

Sie gaben die Karte zu der Frau und sagten ihr, dass sie zu einigen geben solle, wenn sich verrire.

Dann ward die Familie auf den Karr gesetzt, Uerhaltungsbefehl dem Anfuhrer gegeben und die Familie war vergangen.



PERSONALS

He flunked in Latin, failed in Chem.,
 They heard him softly hiss,
 "I'd like to know the man that said
 That ignorance is bliss."

The orator, Burke, was great we know
 But he fills us Seniors with grief and woe:
 His Conciliation is "out of sight,"
 Though we study the lesson day and night.

Lives of flunkers all remind us,
 We can flunk while we are here
 And departing leave behind us,
 Goose eggs on the register.

In battlefields of Gallie wars,
 I ne'er was known to wince,
 But oh! alas! in Latin class
 I'm often murdered since.

Miss Q.—"What are the chief attractions in Florence?"
 Ellwyn—"Art."

Two question to put to Mr. Barts—What two chemical changes did Lot's wife undergo?

Answer—First she turned to rubber, then she turned to salt.

What are the children of the Czar called?

The professor asked one day,

Czardines, a fellow in the rear seat

Was heard to softly say.

Mr. Z.—“Translate Rex Fugit.”

John K.—“The king flees.”

Mr. Z.—“You must use the perfect tense.”

John—“The king has flees.”

Theresa—“That's what the author says.”

Prof.—“I don't want the author, I want you.”

Theresa—“Well, you've got me.”

Mr. T.—“How do you pronounce the word 'f-i-n-a-n-c-e'?”

Tillie—“I never use it.”

Mr. T.—“How would you pronounce it if you found it in a sentence?”

Tillie—“The same as you do.”

Lost—Four credits, finder please return to Freshie.

Mr. Z. (in bookkeeping)—“What is the amonut of the invoice of the 26th ult.?”

Hattie—“\$950.25”

Margaret—“Oh! I haven't any sense (cents).”

Mr. Z. (translating in German)—“I am in need of a wife.”

Senior—“I dreamt last night my watch was gone, and I got up to see.”

Freshie—“Was it?”

Senior—“No, it was just going.”

Proposition—Pupils go to school to improve their faentities. Teachers are their faentities.

Conclusion—? ? ? ?

Pa heard him give the H. S. yell:

For joy he could not speak,

He murmured, “Mother listen to

Our Fred, he's talking Greek.”

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" shouted the Freshie.

Senior—"Don't be alarmed, little one, green things don't burn."

Emily (translating Virgil)—"I sing of arms and a man."

Voice from the rear—"Whose?"

Mr. Barts sent Grace Roper to the dictionary to look up the pronunciation of the word "ally."

"Well, what do you find?" he asked.

"A-lie," answered Grace innocently.

Lizzie—"What is Deering's favorite flower?"

Theresa—"Why, Lily, of course."

Mr. T.—"After King Edward ruled, the next king was a queen."

Visitor—"Do you have music in the H. S. room?"

Student—"No, singing just three times a week."

When they are wanted
They seldom can be found,
But when they are not
They are always around.—Freshman.

Mr. B.—"Light is something, darkness is nothing."

Sophomore—"I thought you took Algebra last year."

Junior—"Yes, but the faculty encored me."

"There's room at the top,"
The Senior said
As he placed his hand
On the Freshman's head.

Miss Q.—"Deering, explain the next proposition."

Mr. Melin—"All right, but I'm afraid you won't understand it."

Mr. T.—"What does Lowell's Commemoration Ode commemorate?"

Ethel C.—"Centennial, or one hundred years after the Civil War."

The Seniors suggest that the unattentive Sophies try yeast, so they will work.

The girl with red hair can't help it, but a boy with a green fedora has no such excuse.

Mr. T (in English 12)—"Ben Jonson is next: be careful how you spell him."

Freshman year—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year—"Much ado about nothing."

Junior year—"As you like it."

Senior year—"All's well that ends well."

Parvus Jacobus Horner

Sedabat in a corner

Edens a Christmas pie

Infermit thumb

Extraherit plum,

Clamans, "Quid sharp puer am I?"

—(Bright Latin Student.)



Favorite Epressions of the Faculty.

"Down on the farm."

"You may go to the office."

"See the point?"

"Well, I don't know about that."

"Suffieient unto the day is the evil thereof."



LITERATURE.

LENNA L. PEDDICORD.



IVE me, of every language, first my vigorous English,
 Stored with its imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
 Grand in its rythmical cadence, simple for household employ-
 ment,
 Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man."

So says William Story; and the world at large knows more and more as the nation advances and develops how indispensable to our progress and culture is the study of Literature! Not literature in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, but that which is the richest and best in a language and tends to elevate and inspire—that Literature is indispensable.

The Seniors, in September, commenced the study of English Literature and took as a text book that written by Halleek. We found within its pages much of worth and great interest concerning the lives and writings of the eminent English authors. In connection with this we read Charles Dickens' great novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," thereby becoming more familiar with the horrors of the French Revolution. Later, we read the "Idylls of the King"—the deeds of King Arthur and his Knights—that fine classic by Tennyson, an epic of "Sense at War With Soul."

On the night of December 11th ten High School members gave a comedy in Strattan's Opera House entitled "The Deacon's Tribulations." The parts were well taken and provoked much laughter from a large and enthusiastic audience. The cast was highly complimented and the students felt rewarded indeed for their labor.

In March the class read Edmund Burke's Conciliation Speech marveling at the masterly way in which he handled his subject, the clearness of his points, and his fine command of language.

The local Annual Oratorical Contest was held in Strattan's Opera House on the evening of March 30th and the judges' decision was very close. Of the five contestants, George Tabbert was awarded first prize and given the gold medal; Miss Elmaida Johnston won the silver medal; and Miss Ruth Johnson carried away the bronze medal. The contest, as a whole, was meritorious and much interest was displayed by an audience which filled the entire theatre.

The County Oratorical Contest was held at Hammond, April 23rd, and a special train took many of the Hobart people aboard, all eager to see their

townsman win the first place, and encourage him with their enthusiasm. All the orations were splendid and our own representative, George Tabbert, was given second in thought and composition. Whiting took first prize and East Chicago second. The choruses were one of the features of the evening and called forth much praise from the audience. Hobart was commended for the choice of music rendered and the voices sang well in unison.

The Senior Class gave a play on May 21st, this time a Drama, founded on Holy Scripture, entitled "Queen Esther." Ten members admirably portrayed the different parts, which were difficult and much heavier than those usually attempted by High School pupils. Again a large and interested audience gave their unstinted praise and approval, greatly helping the members of the cast.

On May 28th the Seniors will say their farewells, take their diplomas in hand, and enjoy a well earned rest from their school labors. Each will go his separate way rejoicing, yet for the Hobart Township High School and its teachers will be held a tender memory, and in after years, when looking back to the days spent within its walls grateful thoughts will come and we shall say, "Those were our happiest hours."

Our English teacher, Mr. Thompson, whose interest in our welfare is greatly appreciated, gave us from out his store-house of knowledge much that is valuable and inspired us with respect for the great writers and a love for good literature. We thank him for his patience, which remained unwavering under many trying circumstances and desire to express to him our gratitude for his efforts in our behalf.





MUSIC.

THERESA G. BUTTS.



THAT which music expresses is eternal and ideal. It does not give voice to passion, the love, the longing of the individual, * * * but to passion, love longing itself."—Richard Wagner.

We fully realize that music is the only language which can fully interpret the higher emotions of the human soul, the only art which reveals our inner selves to those about us. It is that art in which we can not indulge without receiving some great moral instruction. Music is a higher evidence of knowledge than all the wisdom of an age. It is the tonic of human affections.

When we think of music we think of something ethereal. It is that which lifts us from the dust of every day life to a higher level.

"Music is the thing of the soul; a rose lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another shore."—J. G. Holland.

The Senior Class studied the theory of music during the first semester, under the supervision of Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth. Such an opportunity is not afforded in many high schools. In January the theory class took up the History of Music. And when we read of the great musicians, and what they did to make the world better and happier with their compositions, we can not help but be proud of the fact that we are able to study their masterpieces, and interpret the meaning they wished us to express.

Our high school boasts of no Paderewsky, no Patti nor Melba, no Formis nor Caruso, but we can claim a host of willing workers.

Our first program was given December 15, 1908, in the High School room. Several of the numbers given by the chorus were taken from "Gaul's **Holy City**." Isa Bullock '11 sang a contralto solo from **Messiah**. She possesses a fine voice, and her solo was greatly appreciated. A violin solo by Ellwyn Roper '10, accompanied by Miss Florence Banks '08, was loudly applauded. Miss Ellwyn Roper is an excellent violinist, having appeared in public several times this school year. Her waltz from **Faust**, rendered at the Oratorical Contest and the Walking Bird, given at the High School play showed her ability. The trio sang by the Misses Neff, Bullock and Johnston, met with hearty applause. The program closed with "Hallelujah Chorus," from Handel's **Elijah**.

The chorus' first public appearance was at the Farmer's Institute January 21, 1909. On March 30th, at the Oratorical Contest, the chorus gave three selections. "Out on the Deep When the Sun is Low," "The Soldiers' Chorus," from **Faust**, and the "Cherubie Host."

At Hammond our hopes were high, and the patrons and friends of our school encouraged our efforts by their presence. Then we had our reputation as a chorus and school of perfect ladies and gentlemen to help us along. The selections rendered by the two winning schools were excellent, but we did not lack in spirit, rather our enthusiasm increased. "Wandering in the Woodlands" by Crown Point High School did not put us less at ease for we knew our choruses were far superior. But Hammond's "Daybreak" ! ! ! Everyone expected something par excellent, but it was an extremely bad "Break" for a school that has heretofore carried away the banner. Next came our chorus, "List the Cherubie Host" and "I Heard the Voice of Harpers," by A. R. Gaul. Although Hobart only ranked fourth, the vast audience expected we would win a better place. The Seniors trust that in succeeding years our High School choruses will go to Hammond and carry away the banner.

The Seniors' two last appearances in public as students of Dear Old Hobart High School will be May 21, 1909, in "Queen Esther" and commencement night when we bid farewell to the school and faculty, where we long have been sheltered and cared for, and we cherish a happy recollection of the hours spent singing and we shall continue to sing the praises of Hobart Township High School.

"It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernatural beauty. It may be, indeed, that here this sublime end is now and then attained in fact. We are often made to feel with a shivering delight that from an earthly heart are stricken notes which could not have been unfamiliar to the angels."

CLASS PROPHECY.

THERESA G. BUTTS.



IGHLY I esteem the honor that has been bestowed upon me in asking me to speak in behalf of the class of '09. We wish to pledge ourselves as loyal supporters of the Hobart High School Alumni Association and shall cherish and jealously guard the honors which belong to that institution. I know that you will pardon our blunders, our hesitancy, and our stammering, for you will bear in mind that we are Freshmen in the Alumni and consequently are bashful and green. But we know that under the influence of such a cultured assembly our traditional greenness will soon wear off.

Now, no doubt, you will wonder what course in life we expect to pursue and knowing you to be anxious about the welfare of my colleagues, I will save you the time and trouble of a personal interview with every member.

You must remember that we were no ordinary class and oft times we were able to summon the Muses at our will. So I sent a wireless message to Mt. Olympus asking to know the fate of the members of my class. Lachesis, in whose power our life is allotted, wielded her distaff and I was under her magic influence. Thus I saw and talked to my classmates as they shall appear in future years.

I was immediately transported and stood before a palace, beautiful and massive beyond human comprehension, everything was of oriental type. It is true I did not feel at home, and wondered why I was brought to such a distant land, but I was not left long to fret for the great doors of the palace opened and the Queen and her retinue stepped forth. If my eyes deceived me not, I beheld Lillie Rose, Queen of Persia! just as she had been in our class play! I did not have an opportunity to speak to her for I was so overjoyed at the thought of one of the "Naughty Nine" being elevated to such an eminence that the Queen and her attendants disappeared amid the ecstasy.

Then Lachesis pointed her sceptre westward and I found myself under Grecian skies viewing a beautiful sunset. As I stood gazing I heard a high pitched voice calling my name. I turned and saw a slender woman carrying a large canvass and palette, descending the mountain side. When she spoke again I knew it was our Salutatorian, Emily E. Bracken. She did not mention her fame as an artist, but I heard, however, from a dear friend of hers that it took almost his entire fortune to purchase her masterpiece—

"Down at the Old Pasture Bars."

The next place to which my faithful goddess directed me was Rome. I found myself seated in a large cathedral and as the organ pealed forth its notes of praise I was determined I should know the musician whose hands glided over the banks of keys so skillfully. When the services were over I stole softly to the chapel door and waited. Down the carpeted staircase came a woman who proved to be our Gladys East. She told me of her life at Rome, how she had wedded the foremost musician and composer in the world who was at present playing for his Holiness the Pope.

On my way from Italy to Germany I became ill, and medical aid was necessary. As I lay in a "Gast Hans" in Berlin a doctor entered, felt my pulse, looked at my tongue and emptied a spoonful of white powder into my mouth. I can assure you the powder was very bitter. I turned and glanced at the face of my physician and I beheld Hattie Papka who was doctor for the Royal Family. When she laughed at me in my efforts to swallow the medicine I recalled the trick I had tried on her once by giving her a spoonful of Epsom salts when we studied chemistry together. It is needless to say I improved rapidly under her care.

As I was strolling "Unter den Linden" I met the Ambassador from the United States and knowing his private secretary, Margaret Bullock, I inquired if she was still dictating to his pretty stenographer. A smile crossed his handsome face as he replied, "No, she does the dictating, we're married now."

In Paris, the streets were crowded with gaily dressed people, all looking upward, and as I looked far into the distant sky I saw an airship, and before the crowd realized it the aeroplane had descended. Amidst the loud cheering a girl stepped out, clad in mannish costume, and to my surprise saluted me with "Hello Trixy." I knew it was Helen Mackey, for that was the nickname she had bestowed upon me in High School. "Doe," as we all knew her, was always fond of something new. First cycling, then motoring, now it was the airship; and she was first to win the world's championship in the aeroplane race from Wilbur.

I sailed for the United States and arrived in New York City about election time. I entered the large city hall to find the platform occupied by women. The ring of earnestness in the speaker's voice as she said "Sure!" convinced me that I was listening to Lizzie Klausen, whose name appeared on the program as treasurer of the Suffragette Organization. Then I thought of the time we elected her treasurer of our class, although our capital was never much more than three cents.

The next place to which my goddess directed me was the national capital, and I arrived in plenty of time to attend the inauguration. I had not heard who had been elected so I purchased a paper, and lo! and behold! I saw in big letters on the first page: "Deering Melin, elected President of the United

States." His photo displayed a broad shouldered handsome man, but the "naughty nine" twinkle in his eye was traceable.

I could not wait until I could speak to him, but when I glanced at my shabby clothes I thought best to buy a new gown. I stopped at a designer of robes and while I was giving my order, a woman arrayed in costly furs came into the modiste parlors. Before I knew it I was exchanging greetings with our Lenna Peddicord, who was now the wife of the Secretary of Education, a new Cabinet office which had been created through the efforts of the Woman Suffragists.

Since I had my new gown purchased, I, like all others of my sex, desired to display it: so I secured a seat in the best theatre in the District of Columbia. When I arrived I found the other occupants of the box to be our class president and his wife. The diamonds on her gown and in her hair would have awakened the envy of the Queen of Persia. Fred, too, was richly arrayed. He told me of his success in providing a high pressure sufficient to make diamonds, both large and small, by the earload. He attributes his success, however, to the fact that he studied chemistry in High School. His wife expressed her desire of visiting Hobart Township High School, so we planned a trip westward.

I left my companions at Oxford, Ohio, having decided to study languages at the Western College. I immediately went to the office of the president and who should greet me but Henrietta Harms. She told me that I might as well plan to stay four years for she remembered what time it took me to translate Caesar and Cicero when we were at school together.

While we were chatting merrily Laecheis reversed her distaff and I was again in Hobart without knowing what the future had in its vast store house for me. But such it has been always. I think so much about what concerns my welfare that no human beings, much less the gods, think it necessary to waste any more valuable time on so fruitless a subject.



VALEDICTORY.

HELEN MACKEY.



DEAR Friends, Teachers, and Classmates:

We are gathered here this evening to celebrate our commencement—the ending of our high school days and the beginning of our life's work. The last year of our school life has drawn to a close, not with the joy we anticipated a few months back, but with a tinge of sorrow for the parting that we now realize is come.

The goal toward which we have been striving has been reached, but now at this elevation we look backward and forward and discover that we have climbed but to a place among the foot-hills, and the long pathway still slopes upward and new objects of ambition appear on the shining heights. Yes, we behold a never ending road before us, and, realizing that the higher things in life are not to be had for the asking, we go forth with a firm and steadfast resolution to reach the summit beckoning in the dim distance.

The pot of gold, which legend tells us is at the end of the rainbow, is to be our treasure, and were it not for this, life would indeed seem drear. For after the many storms that overshadow us, our rainbow will appear. With this bright prospect before us we are buoyed up with the anticipations of the joys to be ours in the struggles of life.

As our elders speak of the good old days when they were young, so will these years seem to us when we have grown older, and as we leave school we take with us many lasting and happy memories of incidents that have lightened and endeared our daily tasks. Little incidents that now seem trivial and scarce worth mention will possess deeper interests, and in the years to come will stand out as guide posts to our future success.

We appreciate the training we have received here and as the years pass this feeling of gratitude will increase and the petty grievances that we have had from time to time will be wiped from the slate by the realization of the worth of our dear high school teachers. We are loath to leave without giving our teachers our heartfelt thanks and our gratitude for their perseverance and their fostering care; for they were ever faithful to their trust, kind and loving to us.

The class of 1909 will soon be parted, never again to be united as students

in one school, but the parting will draw tighter bonds and our memories of each other will cement us as a class that endures forever.

Perhaps some of us will go no farther in scholastic education, but the college of life stands before us with open doors. The education received there is by hard knocks, and not easily forgotten. In this college of life let us remember our motto—"Carpe Diem"—"Seize the Opportunity." "Carpe Diem," cherished in the heart,—"Carpe Diem" directed by the head,—"Carpe Diem," obeyed by the hand! With this resolution we bid you farewell and press forward to victory.

